

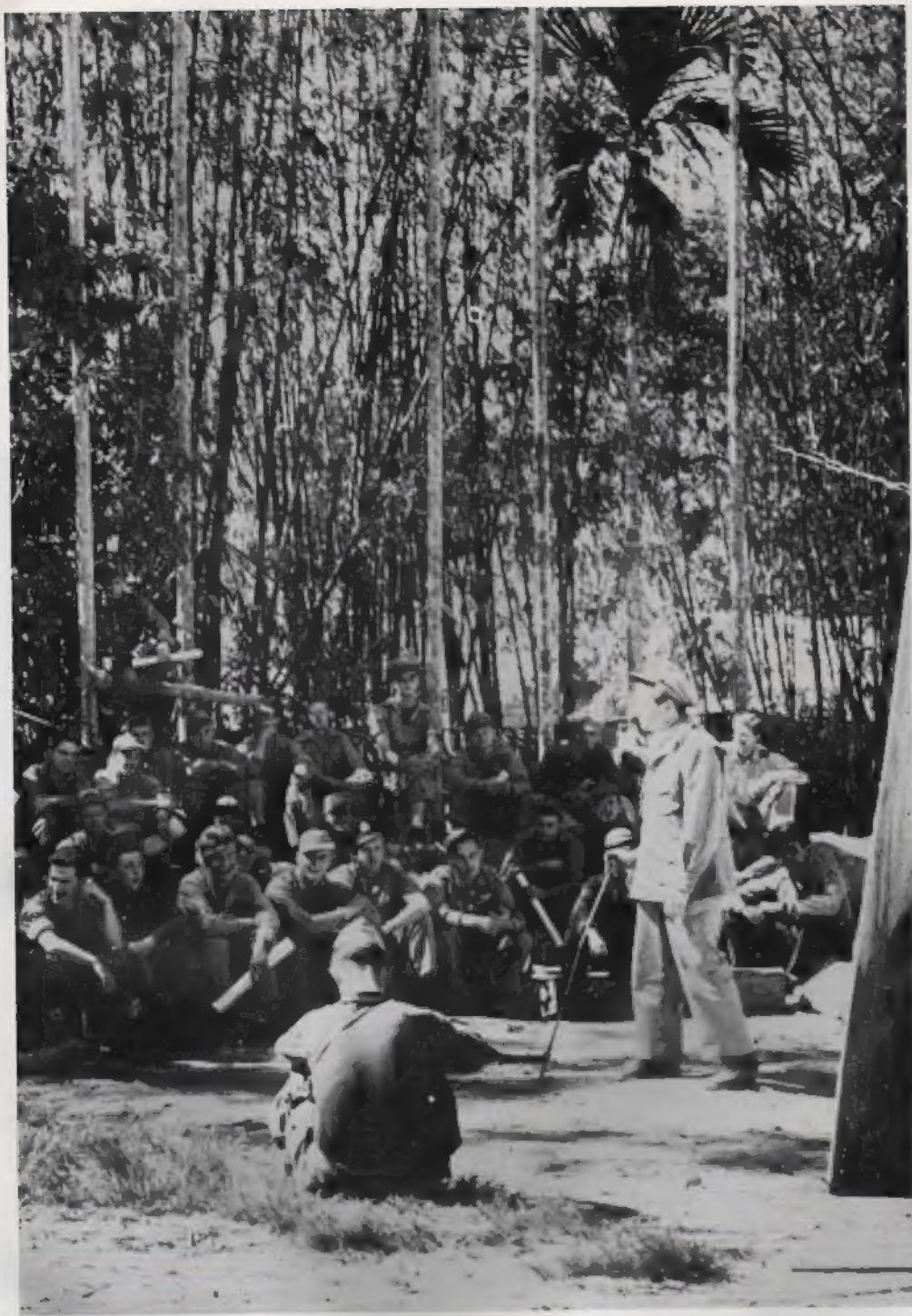


Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

DECEMBER, 1968





COL. PHILLIP COCHRAN briefs pilots and air crews of the 1st Air Commando Force, seated in a clear space in the jungle. U.S. Air Force photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 23, No. 10

December, 1968

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture** this month, used through courtesy of the U. S. Air Force, shows crew member checking Norden bomb sight installed in a Boeing B-29 Superfortress at a base in India.

● **New subscribers** are coming in regularly, as the result of our appeal . . . "Every Subscriber Get a Subscriber." One reader ordered a year's subscription each for five of his friends; many others have paid for one or two. Here's a good way to solve your Christmas gift problems!

● **Remember** the article in our October issue about the Rev. Vincent Ferrer, the Jesuit missionary who had to leave India because he was giving too much help to the farmers of Maharashtra state? We've been informed that he was scheduled to return to India October 29, for work in the Anantpur district of Andhra state. Father Ferrer was bringing with him donations of foodstuffs collected for India. We will be interested in hearing more about his return.

● **A big problem** in India these days is seen in the attempt of militiamen in Assam State to save the great Indian rhinoceros from extinction. Money-minded poachers have reduced the rhino population to 350, compared with thousands at the turn of the century. Strange thing is that they slaughter rhinos mainly for their three-pound 15-inch horns, which retail at the same price per gram as gold . . . for centuries throughout Southeast Asia, the Indian rhino's horn has been believed to be endowed with sexually stimulating properties. Zoo officials say there's nothing to it, but business must be good because poachers continue risking their lives!



All B-24 Men!

● How about this project . . . to bring a B-24 to the Tucson Air Museum? As a former staff sergeant, armorer-gunner with the 7th Bomb Group, I am delighted—had searched for one myself. I have made my contribution. Recommend your support, any amount, to: B-24 Fund, c/o Major Richard Keefe, Attorney, 199 N. Stone Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85701.

HUGH M. FLETCHER,
Ontario, Calif.

The B-24 Project

● The Indian Air Force has donated a B-24J, AAF number 44-44175, to the Tucson Air Museum, a non-profit foundation organized by the Board of Supervisors of Pima County, Arizona. As you may know, only two other Liberators are on display in the United States; a B-24D at the Air Force Museum and a B-24M at Lackland Air Force Base. The Shell Oil Company has agreed to furnish all of the fuel and oil required for delivery of the aircraft from Poona, India, to Tucson. A volunteer crew of Air Force Reserve personnel has been assembled and it is hoped that delivery of the aircraft can be completed before the end of this year. Although fuel is to be provided by Shell, we are still in need of funds for such items as insurance, crew expenses, landing fees, crew passage to India, and maintenance. May we invite you to participate in this worthwhile endeavor. Your contribution, no matter what the amount, will ensure that this valuable Liberator will be on permanent display for you and your relatives to visit, and as a memorial to our friends who have given their lives.

RHODES F. ARNOLD,
4508 N. Jay Avenue,
Tucson, Ariz. 85705



FERRY BOAT across the Irrawaddy at Myitkyina, near the north strip, making one of its last few trips. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

Osgood Hooker

• Osgood Hooker, 71, retired architect and member of a distinguished Bay Area family, long active in civic and charitable causes, died recently at San Francisco, Calif. He had lived at Hillsborough. Mr. Hooker attended Pomfret School, Harvard University and the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. He was a trustee of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, the San Francisco Symphony Association, the Strybing Arboretum and Mills Memorial Hospital; was a member of the Pacific Union Club, the Burlingame Country Club and the University. He enlisted as a private in World War I and became an officer in a machine gun company; started as a private again in World War II, went through officer's school again and became a captain in the medical corps in Burma. In 1963 he was one of six Americans installed in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, in an ancient Episcopal rite held at the Cathedral of St. John Divine in New York City.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco).

3198th Sig. Service

• Was unaware of the existence of your magazine until an old buddy recently advised me of it. I was with the 3198th Signal Service Battalion in China during World War II.

ARVID H. JONES,
Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Otis L. Cutler

• Services for Otis L. Cutler, former vice-president and director of the Carlisle division of Litton Industries, were held September 21 at Palo Alto, Calif. A native of Buffalo, N.Y., and a resident of Palo Alto for 15 years, Mr. Cutler died after a brief illness. A veteran of World War I, he was an ambulance driver in France and Belgium, then rejoined the service in Army Air Corps search and rescue operations in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II. He is survived by his wife, a son, a daughter, two stepsons and two grandchildren. Burial was in Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco).

Enjoyed Reunion

• My wife and I enjoyed the Des Moines get-together very much and hope to go to Vail next summer.

RAY MANTERNACH,
Iowa City, Iowa



PARACHUTE carrying 50-gal. drum of gasoline drifts down to members of the Mars Task Force on 21 February 1945, as seen from plane on photo recon mission. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

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CHILDREN group around American Army nurse, Lt. Malchow Dent, at Mohammedan festival in Upper Assam.

159th Station Hospital

• The third reunion of the 159th Station Hospital, located in Karachi, India, during World War II from 1941 to 1945 was held in Kenton, Ohio, July 7, 1968. Among those attending were Mrs. Kay Stoltz Abner, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Eleanor Bradley Harris, Muskogee, Okla.; Mrs. George (Martha Neinhart) Morrell, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Betty Teeple Wood, Maumee, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Larklin Postel, Oakhurst, N.J.; Miss Helen Foster, Clifford Forge, Va.; Miss Ethel G. Yavorsky, Poland, Ohio; Dr. John D. Snyder, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Peter Verba, Wadsworth, Ohio; Walter Hermansen, Chicago, Ill.; Theodore Garrett, Hamilton, Ohio; Eugene Frankenberg, Dayton, Ohio; John K. Hall, Springfield, Ohio; Gordon Patterson, Orlando, Fla.; David Roberts, Logan, Ohio; Willis Ohlinger, Logan, Ohio; Victor Collie, Mountpelier, Ohio; John McGrath, Peoria, Ill.; Vernon Hansen,

Milwaukee, Wis.; Paul Ruerger, Fairborn, Ohio; Ernest Fitzenrider, Stryker, Ohio; Robert Swick, Granville,

Ohio; Carl Farmer, Jackson, Mich.; Bernard Nowicki, Detroit, Mich.; and George Runser, Kenton, Ohio. The next reunion will be held in June or July, 1970, and further information can be obtained from George Runser, 219 Jennings Street, Kenton, Ohio 43326.

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,
Poland, Ohio

Today's Hanseatic

• In the February issue there was an item on the ship, Hanseatic, which some of our readers may have sailed on in World War II. In February 1967, while visiting Hamburg, I went aboard this ship while she was being scrapped. The smoke stacks and superstructure were gone and the welders' cutting torches were working on the hull, so the Hanseatic of today is an entirely different ship. It is a modern luxury liner, and the only connection between the two is the name.

BENJAMIN G. COOPER,
Suitland, Md.



BRITISH FORCES near Pen Wej, where they fought a stalemate battle for two weeks. This is a British 25-pounder firing at almost pointblank range, late in 1944. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

The Liberators of China

By ALICE ROGERS HAGER
From *Skyways Magazine*, 1945

FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE HQ., CHINA—Tokyo was excited. Formosa had been hit by the United States Navy and heavy damage done. The Japanese didn't know whether this was the prelude to invasion or a neutralizing raid before an all-out attack on the Philippines, and Japs don't like to be in the dark.

Radio Tokyo warned: "There is the hazard of a coordinated attack from both sides, with the carrierbased planes hitting from the sea and the bombers of the Fourteenth Air Force from its China bases."

Then the B-29's swept in. Jap shipping, caught in the lethal gale the U.S. Navy had brewed, fled to Hongkong for safety. Then the Fourteenth struck!

The Fourteenth had to travel a longer arc because of lost bases. It had to wait longer between raids because its meager supplies had to be stretched further. But when it did a job, there were no halfway measures. The Fourteenth, despite Japan's report to the contrary, was definitely still in the war, and the first successful attempt at an aerial pincers against a part of Japan proper had been made.

It was a day the boys of the Bomber Group—the only heavy bombers in China—had dreamed of for a long time. Of course, their total air force could still muster only a few more planes than had been lost on more than one occasion in a single giant raid over Germany—more bombs have been dropped in one of those missions than have been available here in the entire course of the Pacific war. But the fighting spirit of the Group, unaffected by these grim facts, never faltered. When supplies had accumulated, they took their pygmy air force, went out, and slung them at the enemy. For sheer guts, as well as skill, their record has never been excelled.

The mission to Hongkong was long, in a theater where most missions are grueling nine-and-ten-hour runs, through some of the worst and most unpredictable weather in the world, over mountains that are from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, and on a course for which neither maps nor radio reception are too dependable. Operational losses are always far higher in this terrain than battle casualties.

In the late afternoon three of us crossed the airfield of the home base to watch this mission come back. We pulled up to the operations office within the shadow of one of the big revetments. On the ground jeeps and trucks, well plastered with mud, moved busily back and forth, but on top of the revetment, at both sides, knots of men with binoculars scanned the skies for the home-coming planes.

The ETA (Estimated Time of Arrival) had been given as between 1730 and 1745. Now it was 1750 . . . and still no sign of the warriors. Tension began to knot at our stomachs.

Night began to come. The watchers on our man-made hill stirred. One shouted, "There they are!"

From the revetment came another flurry of words. "There are their wing lights. They're going to buzz the field."

And they did. First there was no sound. Then, with a sudden roar of power, three ships swung low towards us, wing-tip lights almost overlapping as they rushed across the field.

Finally the fourth came, its glowing red button on the nearer wing winking malevolently as the black hulk sailed by. Over the mountains other high-tailed fish swam into view, and the last of the flight was visible.

The first three circled, made their pattern and descended, coming to earth with beautiful precision. On the ground they were clumsy and graceless, inclined to waddle on their nose wheels, but they put on new power and swung, rumbling, into their own individual stalls, like work horses coming home from the fields.

The three of us who were mere spectators of this sky drama went silently into the Interrogation Room, where wooden benches, maps, and a chart board gave the appearance of a schoolroom. Here was warm, snug safety and a quiet that would begin the easing of strained nerves and cramped tendons.

The Captain who was to do the interrogating came in, a big man with calm, kind face, wise eyes behind glasses, and thin, silvered hair. No one could have looked more like a schoolmaster.

Then the door behind us opened and the first crew entered. They were dirty and haggard, incredibly young, tired, and marked by strain that told of the long hours aloft. Yet they walked cockily and made jokes at each other's ex-

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pense. The Captain sat smiling, steady and unhurried.

One youngster, in a blue padded teddy bear suit, dropped his gear, sat on a bench and, shaking his cropped head, complained, "Geez, I can't get this ear to open up."

"Put your head down low," advised a buddy, and the first boy stooped and ducked his crown nearly to the flour.

Snatches of talk drifted back and forth. "Did you get a burst at that bandit below us?" "That was as pretty a pattern as we've ever laid." "Geez, I've never seen so many ships in one spot in my life—if there'd only been more of us, what a plastering we could have given them!"

Imperceptibly, the Captain eased his questions into this spate of information. The boys found seats, noisily, and with no regard to rank. It was difficult to tell officers from enlisted men. The interrogation lasted only a few minutes, but it drew a complete picture of the mission—weather, course, speed, enemy action, success over the target, procedure on the return flight.

On the ride back to the Officers' Day Room a loquacious top gunner rode with us, chattering like a magpie. He repeated the story of the amazing sight of the harbor, with ships everywhere and a few Zeros coming up outside of the flak smudges. "I looked down at them," he snorted, "and then I looked up at the sky overhead. And there were our fighters, just drifting along over us. Boy, were they ever a beautiful sight! It was as comfortable as having an extra blanket on a cold night."

Later, in the Day Room, talking to "Pat" Moeller (Lieutenant Loran H. of Rosenthal, South Dakota), Flight Leader, and "Iggy" Ignasleka (Lieutenant George R. from New Baltimore, Michigan), pilot, the story came out in more detail. Everybody had been excited because this was really important and they expected the going to be rough. Hongkong has heavy anti-aircraft installations and they had thought there would be a lot of enemy fighters waiting for them. The distance was another hazard and they couldn't be sure of the weather. They had run into thunderstorms as soon as they took off. But they climbed and flew on top of the overcast all the way down, rendezvousing with the fighters and the B-25's about an hour and a half before the ETA for the target. From there on it was better, with the overcast high and a broken undercast. The B-25's were on the deck below the undercast; the "Libs" at 17,000 with the P-40's flying side cover and the P-51's flying top.

Their briefing had been good. They didn't have to take evasive action be-

cause the flak pattern was just where they were told it would be. "Anyway," said Pat, "they were way below us and behind. They didn't even scratch the paint. The thing that surprised us, though, was that we scarcely saw any enemy planes. I spotted three but they came up under us, made a feeble pass at the side, saw our fighters, and sheared off. They must have pulled all their fighter strength off to Formosa on account of the Navy boys. We just dropped our bombs on the docks and sailed out, watching the B-25's down on the deck smacking those ships around in the harbor. When we looked back, there was a column of black smoke about 5,000 feet high over the place where we'd laid our eggs. It was a nice feeling. Incidentally, we know now we wiped out the dock area and three ships with it. The 25's got seven more ships confirmed and seven probables. Not a bad day's work. They were all good-sized ships too. Altogether, the Jap lost a cruiser and 32,000 tons of other vessels.

"I don't know a nicer feeling," contributed stocky, pugnacious "Iggy." "When you hear 'bombs away' and you dive off the run and set her nose for home, and you've got plenty of your own fighters along, then there's nothing to worry about. Oh, of course, the weather might sock in and you might get lost and run out of gas wandering around, and have to bail out—but what the hell, why borrow trouble until you've got to! Pat here had to take the high step last June because he had an engine run away, but he got back all right even though he had a cold night on the mountain."

Out here someone gave these B-24 boys the title, "Liberators of China," and it has stuck. Of course China isn't liberated yet, and at the present rate of speed in reverse it's going to be a long and bloody fight before she will be. But when the big push comes, its job will have been made a hundred times easier because a handful of men have held the line the hard way during the years when they were almost forgotten.

Altogether, since they straddled the Hump in March, 1943, and got their first view of the green rice paddies, they have sunk nearly 400,000 tons of enemy shipping, exclusive of Naval vessels, and they have probably sunk nearly 70,000 tons more. They never count any vessels of less than 500 tons and 90 per cent of their successes have been ships 200 feet or longer, with their greatest prize the Conte Verdi, 18,000 tons. In one day recently they got a cruiser and a destroyer on the same strike and one of the boys who was having trouble with his bomb release mechanism finally sal-

voed them at a spot where he accidentally got another destroyer! In three months they ran 669 combat sorties and 474 ferrying flights within China. Pilots are flying an average of between seventy and eighty combat hours per month.

Rotation of pilots is not based on number of missions here but on actual combat fatigue. Some of the boys, due to theater necessity, have turned in over 550 combat hours. The length of the missions is the significant factor but they also run more missions without fighter escort than with it.

One of the most telling points in their record, however, is that they got these results with the minimum of gas and bombs. When you have to sweat out your supplies and every thimble full of gas is precious, you don't waste any. In September, 1944, they were getting one ton of enemy shipping for 1.1 gallons of gas—less than half your A-card back home—and at a cost of 2.3 tons of bombs.

One of the little known facts about the Group is that it is really "Hap" Arnold's baby. When it was organized in September, 1942, at Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, the General put his own personal aide and pilot, Colonel Eugene H. Beebe, in charge. Beebe, who was a qualified command pilot, engineering officer, armament officer, bombardier and navigator, had wanted combat service. So that when the Group was planned, Arnold assigned him to it. Beebe trained it, brought it overseas, and fought with it until Lord Louis Mountbatten asked to have him assigned as his Air Advisor in November, 1943. He was made a Brigadier General the following month and had recently gone back to an important post with the Air Forces at home.

He was succeeded by another airman, already wise in the ways of Pacific combat, Colonel William P. Fisher. Colonel Fisher had seen duty in Hawaii and in September, 1941, received the DFC for taking a flight of nine B-17's from Hickam Field to Clark Field, Manila. There he was made commander of the 28th Bombardment Squadron and fought the losing air battle that moved back step by step from the Philippines to Java. In March, 1942, he was recalled to the States and called in by the President for advice on the Pacific situation. When he returned to China as Colonel and C. O. of the Group, late in 1943, his first action was to lead an attack on Hongkong with very considerable satisfaction. The Colonel wears the Purple Heart and Presidential Unit citation with two oak leaf clusters in addition to his DFC.

Under such leadership the Group grew tough and aggressive. When it was orig-

inally proposed to send a heavy bomb group to China. General Chennault was worried. Supplies were hard enough to get over the Hump without adding the capacious maws of four-engine Liberators to fill. So Arnold answered by saying that it would be self-supporting. He himself came to China to investigate the situation.

The Group had finished training and in January, 1943, picked up the first thirty-five planes and then awaited the call to action. Orders came direct from the Casablanca Conference that it was to proceed to China. The air echelon took off for Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico, and there, to its great annoyance, found another cable telling it to wait again. The boys were getting pretty restless by this time and they sat around for two days, cussing an Army that couldn't make up its mind in regulation Air Force fashion. But when a plane sat down on the field the second night and a grinning General stepped out, crumpled and dusty from a flight half-way 'round the world, they let out a wild yell. This was something special—they hadn't been forgotten.

"Hap" spoke to the entire Group, telling them of what they were going into and had to do. He even told them, as one good airman to another, to stock up on liquor and cigarettes because they wouldn't get any in China.

The trip across was uneventful until they reached the Hump. Weather was bad; the ships were heavily loaded with squadron equipment. One was lost, but thirty-four got through. Two days later they started ferry runs back over that nasty bit of terrain, flying in what they would need for combat operations. Arnold's promise that they would be self-supporting was being made good. To date they have made 1,800 round trips between Assam and China.

Those ferry runs were so bad through the monsoons that they were all regarded as combat missions. The Japs did their best to stop the traffic, but after the "Libs" had shot down eight Zeros confirmed, with a lot of other probables, the "Tomatoes" decided the big bruisers were too much for them and went viciously after the unarmed transports instead.

By May 4th, sufficient supplies had accumulated to allow a combat mission to be flown. Samah Bay on Hainan Island was picked and the heavies sailed in and gave it a thorough shellacking.

While shipping was their prime strategic target, Chennault had to use them for an endless variety of tactical missions. They have carried out every type of mission of a bomber command: sea sweeps by day and night, bombing of

the Burma Road, low-level bombing of railroad bridges—everything a mixed bomb group would do. Land installations that received attention were airdromes, revetment areas, docks, marshalling yards. They have completely closed the big harbors of Hanoi and Haiphong in Indo-China, which took considerable pressure off the South Pacific.

There was one mission to Hankow which is unmatched. Seventeen B-24's went over without fighter protection. Nearly a hundred Zeros attacked fifteen minutes out from the target. The heavies fought their way in on the bomb run and out again without too good results although all bombs were dropped. "We were just too busy!" They lost two of their ships, but they shot down fifty-seven Zeros and Chennault nicknamed them "Heavy Interceptors."

Another mission took them to Cape St. Jacques, Saigon, a round trip of 2,200 miles. Six planes went in; six ships were sunk—a total of 40,000 tons at one whack. Nimitz sent congratulations on that one since the surface vessels had been loaded with supplies for Jap forces in the South Pacific.

The sinking of the Conte Verdi was another one for the book. Photo reconnaissance had shown that she was lying at the dock in Shanghai. A crew went out in a lone "Lib" at night under a bright bomber's moon. All the lights of the city were on—there had been no warning—and they stayed on during the entire time the bomber was overhead. The pilot had to make two runs before he could locate the Conte, but when he did, he sank her with two direct hits. Pictures taken later showed her with her decks awash, out of action for the duration.

In another field, Colonel Fisher led one of the most outstanding missions in point of accomplishment when he took twenty-three planes over the railroad repair shops at Vinh, French Indo-China. Again, there was no fighter protection, but the enemy was caught unwarned and there was neither interception nor noticeable ground fire. Five or more secondary explosions followed the wave of bombs, and the concussions were felt by the crews at 6,300 feet. Destruction was so extreme the Japs have never tried to repair this center. Neutralizing of a vital target by one blow is a pretty exceptional achievement.

Sometimes, the boys have had to do odd jobs for the sake of Chinese morale. The worst of these was when they were asked to bomb a twelve-foot bridge—not wide enough to drive a jeep over—because the Chinese troops were having trouble with Japs there.

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No one who has not been in China can appreciate the terrific strain the Group operates under. They are never sure they will be able to get home after a mission. Sometimes when they do manage to reach the home field, they are unable to find it because it has socked in since they left. There is no gas allowance with which to train new pilots in flying conditions, so they ride for three or four missions with the more experienced men and then take over on their own. Many have been saved because a skilled pilot on the ground has talked them in when they were lost, but over 150 men have had to "walk home."

The arc of attack is terrific, running from Manchuria to Bangkok and including Formosa and the sea lanes bordering Japan itself. The main gripe of the Group is that they haven't the gas or the bombs to do more than whittle at the many "juicy targets" just ripe for picking. Some day the situation will improve, but they are growing restless at the delay.

New pilots may think they are coming to a quiet theater, but they soon learn to the contrary. Lieutenant Forrest R. Nichols, from Springfield, Missouri, tells of one example. A lot of green boys had arrived just before a mission and had been told there had been no Jap interception for quite a while. "Then we went out," Nick said, grinning. "We were unescorted, and fifteen fighters hit us just after our run. There was a real battle half an hour out of the target. We had been supposed to get there just at dusk so we wouldn't be seen. But they saw us, all right. We closed up in a hurry and flew the best formation ever flown in China—we could easily have been just one plane—and we got two Zeros! Then to top it off, a thunderstorm came up as we were nearing the base, and we had to fly through that. Well, we made it and landed, but when we opened the bomb-bay doors and the spent cartridges came spilling out, you should have seen those new boys' eyes! Anyway, the Mayor of the town we hit was well satisfied—he called in to say the marshalling yards had been destroyed."

These are our boys of the justly famed Fourteenth of China. □

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Gandhi: Saint or Politician?

From the London Observer

Most of the statues of Gandhi in India, now being garlanded for a year in celebration of the centenary of his birth, show him thin, bent and indestructible, like an old thorn tree. In all these memorials he is walking, apparently a long way.

The aim is to recollect his famous marches—the forerunners of Britain's ban-the-bomb processions and the Negro protest marches in the United States—each of which was designed to defy, or as he would have put it, convert, what was considered unjust authority.

It started in South Africa with his march in 1913 with the ragged Indian coalminers of Natal across the forbidden border into the Transvaal in defiance of the British and Boers. In 1930 he defied the viceroy of India by march—for 24 days across Gujarat with a wing of his Soul-Force Army to the Gulf of Cambay, where he deliberately broke the law of the Raj and the government's salt monopoly by picking up a piece of salt sun-dried from sea water.

In 1946, when he was 77, and within weeks of being murdered, he walked through burnt-out Hindu villages in the communal riot areas of East Bengal. In this case, the authority he seems to have been defying was inherent evil itself.

It was an impressive lot of marchings, and deserves to be remembered. But in the celebratory speeches of Gandhi Year less note may be taken of his other long journeys across India as a privileged political leader—by special train.

It was a convenient and sometimes necessary arrangement for the British authorities. But he always laid down a condition. It had to be a third-class special train. When the journey had been completed he would send one of his young men around to the secretariat of the British power with precisely the third-class fare for himself and those who had traveled with him. "What does he think I am?" Lord Wavell's secretary once observed, "A bloody station-master?"

If such gentle jokes as these are to be told about the great Mahatma then Gandhi Year may do us all some good. It will be otherwise if these months are used, especially in India, for his final canonization.

For there are important questions to be asked. Was he really a saint or a politician? Did his techniques of non-violent revolution ever work, and, if they did, were they morally justified? Did the Indians in the end reject his aims, and if so, why?

Gandhi began life not as a holy man, but as an enthusiastic reformer. And this he owed, not to any Indian guru, but almost entirely to the British. Like many another late-Victorian Indian youth, he much admired the British. At first, he simply envied their size and loud assurance, being himself smallish and virtually paralyzed by diffidence.

But when he arrived in London in the 1880's to become a lawyer, he saw them in a new and surprising aspect. It was to have enormous consequences. Before he left his home for Britain his prudent mother had made him swear to keep off wine, women and meat.

So this touching figure wandered around London, looking for something fit to eat. He found it in a vegetarian restaurant. But this was also the headquarters of a group then mildly engaged in rethinking the future of Britain in terms of diet, sexual behavior, religion, economics and politics.

Although some of them were extremists they also were linked with the Fabians and other relatively solid institutions. They put Gandhi in touch with several celebrities, including George Bernard Shaw.

From these impressive sources there flowed into Gandhi's large, receptive ears those new ideas he was to treasure and develop. His new friends led him to books by Ruskin, Thoreau and Tolstoy with their basically Christian approach to non-violence, civil disobedience and the spiritual power man carries about, neglected, inside himself.

South Africa was the Mahatma's training ground. But those who wish to make a close, practical study of active non-violence must turn to his later, Indian years. In Gandhi's own judgment the use of Satyagrahis—unarmed Soul-Force volunteers—against armed police reached a triumphant peak during the Salt Satyagraha of 1930 at the Dharasana salt works north of Bombay.

The volunteers had been given long and careful training. They had been on the long Salt March to the sea, with Gandhi himself at their head. The Mahatma had satisfied an essential prior condition by being totally frank about his intentions. These he had set out be-

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fore the salt march in a 2,500 word letter ("dear friend") to the viceroy, Lord Irwin and then again, before the Dharasana "invasion" in a second letter.

In the first he had exposed the salt monopoly and tax as a grossly unjust imposition on the poor. He had rebuked the viceroy for relying in part on this source for his personal salary.

Gandhi's physical appearance was striking. He wore his dhoti (loincloth) tucked up to expose those non-beautiful but obviously reliable legs. Sometimes his torso was bare, displaying a fair amount of grey hair on his chest. He wore round, metal-rimmed bifocal spectacles. His eyes were shrewd, and most people thought them kind.

On the march, he carried two capacious cloth satchels, one slung across each shoulder, and a large watch swung from his waistband. Like an elderly scholar, he looked odd but efficient.

It was evidently the Mahatma's intention to lead in person the Dharasana encounter between soul-force and the constabulary. But on the eve of Dharasana, the British took him off to Yeravda jail. For if some incensed policeman had whacked that bald and venerable head, the British Raj might well have ended not 17 years later in 1947, with amiable courtesies on both sides, but there and then in a holocaust.

Many books, both political and scholarly, have dealt with Gandhi's nonviolent operation at Dharasana. They all rely on a single source—the eye-witness account of an American newspaper reporter named Webb Miller.

According to Miller the Satyagrahis formed themselves into neat rows and marched up to the police guarding the salt works. The police beat them with their lathis. The volunteers did not strike back or raise their arms to protect their heads.

When they had had enough they withdrew—or were carried back in blankets. Then they regrouped, were exhorted again by their leader—the poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu—were joined by other volunteers and marched forward again. They kept this up for almost four hours, by which time—a British official reported—the police were about to give way "because they were exhausted."

At least one Satyagrahi died at Dharasana and for a reason which reflects on the morality of Gandhi's non-violence as he had developed it up to that point. Some police became incensed by the refusal of volunteers to defend themselves. Miller—a confessed Gandhian sympathizer—says he felt something like hatred against the Satyagrahis welling up inside him on the same account.

What kind of non-violence is it that sets out deliberately to incite violence in those whose duty requires them to use it? Gandhi also insisted that the Satyagrahi should feel no hatred towards those who opposed him. And yet at Dharasana hatred was inspired by the Satyagrahis in others, even against the will and reason of those who felt it.

The Mahatma, though delighted at the time, looked back on Dharasana later with less enthusiasm. He called it "the non-violence of the weak" and did not seem to think much of it. Even so, his purpose had been served. He wanted to show the common people of India that they could stand up for themselves against authority.

The low opinion Gandhi expressed of "the non-violence of the weak" was to be explained by his own extraordinary later development.

Part II

Mahatma Gandhi's interest in Mahimsa (non-violence) and truth—which he identified with God—no doubt began as something personal. His belief in a spare and simple diet, his conviction that self-restraint and poverty offer the only road to real happiness and freedom, are ideas shared by many who have never emerged from obscurity.

But his thinking already had acquired political and social purposes when he got involved in South African affairs. In those days he valued self-restraint chiefly as a way of keeping fit for "public service."

But when he moved into the god-dominated world of India, almost at once his political and religious activities became one. No doubt this was to some extent thrust upon him. From the start the peasant masses, for whom religion had long been the only source of color and excitement, took him to be a great guru; in fact, many of them believed him to be an Avatar, a reincarnation of the Hindu god Krishna.

Their indifference to politics was notorious and understandable. For generations, it must have seemed to them that one set of rulers was as bad as another. The Indian masses crowded to see Gandhi even in his periods of political failure.

But it is impossible to believe that Gandhi ever posed as a religious leader to mislead the people for political ends. And it is certain that in his last years he was entirely convinced that his success as a political and social leader depended exclusively upon his own spiritual advancement, his own ability to identify himself with the truth.

This is not to say that he abandoned his role as a wily politician. He did more than his share of negotiating with the

British over the future shape of free India.

The Mahatma seemed to be evolving a technique for prevailing through boredom—for making a situation seem so impossibly complex that outsiders cannot sustain an active interest—a method later to be applied by India's Congress government with marked success to such problems as Kashmir.

At this critical stage Gandhi's overwhelming desire was to prevent partition—the division of India between the predominantly Hindu Congress and Jinnah's Muslim League. But things went from bad to worse, and when the Hindu-Muslim killings began the Mahatma did something no ambitious politician would have dreamt of doing. He left Delhi.

He went to live for six weeks in a village hut in Noakhali district of East Bengal—now East Pakistan—where 300 Hindus had been killed and thousands put to flight. His aim was political: he believed that if he could restore Noakhali to a state of complete communal accord, a beneficent peace would spread right across north India—and the need for partition would disappear.

But his behavior in Noakhali was wholly religious. Almost everything he said reflected the agonies of a frustrated mystic. He was "surrounded by darkness" and "all around" was "raging fire." He was "most unhappy" and declared: "I can see there is some grave defect in me which is the cause of this." So he decided to persevere with his austerities until he had "no desire left except to will what God willed."

As the pace of political events quickened, Gandhi was back-seated. About some of the final Congress decisions on the eve of freedom, the Mahatma was not even consulted. Lord Mountbatten had been sent out as viceroy by Prime Minister Clement Attlee to speed up the transfer of power.

Gandhi returned to Delhi when the last viceroy called him. Asked by Mountbatten for his advice, he made a suggestion of staggering originality. To stave off partition he suggested that Jinnah and his Muslim League should be handed the government of all India.

It did not take Mountbatten long to decide that Gandhi was "not a practical man" or to discover that some of the Congress bosses had ceased to regard him with the old awe. And, meanwhile, the Mahatma had become appalled by what he saw in Delhi of the scramble for impending power.

He began to exhort his once-devoted followers. To men with their ministries already lined up and their eyes on the mansions of the departing British, he urged that when they took power they

should live lives of simple poverty. Any-one familiar with the privileged pomp now enjoyed by many Congress barons in free India will know that the Mahatma found few attentive ears.

Those who saw Gandhi in his last days do not seem to have reckoned him peculiar. His thinking appeared still to be dominated by love and "the dry light of reason." With alarming signs of rot already manifest within the national movement he began urging "the first-line Congress leaders" to turn away from politics, to go to live among the village poor, and there regenerate those village republics which, in his view, had been the glory of the Indian past.

These communities were to be simple, with a basic self-sufficiency and self-reliance. Consideration for others in all things, co-operation and not competition, were to set the universal tone.

On the last full day of his life, Gandhi put these ideas into a document now known to the handful of faithful Gandhians as "his last will and testament." It was, of course, shelved. As all the world knows, successive Indian governments have decided to imitate the giant technology of the West and the Soviet Union. Their attempts to promote "community development" schemes have seldom succeeded and often have become outstanding for incompetence and corruption.

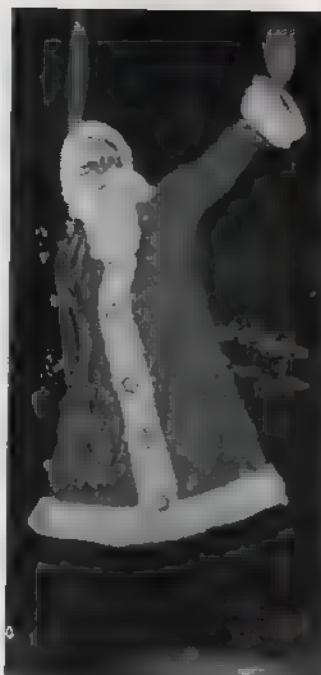
Even so, a glimmer of Gandhi survives and lately has seemed to brighten. When that Hindu newspaper editor had shot the Mahatma for being soft on Islam, the saintly Vinoba Bhave took over as his spiritual successor. His practical-minded lieutenant, Jayaprakash Narayan, soon began to elaborate on Gandhi's concept of a natural and non-violent policy.

Today, he is backed by a new generation of young Gandhians who believe that non-violence must be more "aggressive" if it is to succeed. In this Gandhi year they hope to see Narayan's modified form of village rule established in the vast, backward state of Bihar.

But the chief rivals for power in India have a very different outlook. They are "practical men" still struggling to make their huge and impoverished land a model of Western stability, well being and armed might. It is difficult to blame them for rejecting the Mahatma's astringent utopia. □

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CHRISTMAS in CBI may have been "different" but it was observed nonetheless, as may be seen in these pictures from Beatrice Lynch Reardon of Des Moines, Iowa. Santa Claus (above) is Joe Levanda of Nanticoke, Pa., appearing at Mike-K.G.A. Hall in Karachi on Christmas Eve, 1942. Top left shows Lela Remington of St. Petersburg, Fla., surrounded by Polish refugee children at Christmas party given for them at Station Hospital, Malir. Center view shows some of these same Polish children visiting bed patients at the Malir hospital on Christmas day. Lt. William L. Carrington of Mecia, Tex., is the doctor. Lt. Adelle Petricites of Homestead, Pa., is the nurse, and the patients are Joseph Suggs of Americus, Ga., in bed and George C. Noyes of Auburn, Iowa, in wheel chair. Lower picture shows a group of patients and hospital personnel around the Christmas tree at Agra.

English, Vindication of Hindi

In presenting the following article, *The Statesman of Calcutta* and *New Delhi* offered the following editorial explanation:

Recent demonstrations against English have served little purpose. They have certainly not helped Hindi which is a great language and deserves to be recognized as such. But the achievements of Hindi have consistently been denigrated by Western writers; this unfairly poor opinion is accepted by most Indians. If they support the claims of Hindi, it is because they treat it as a political cause not because they regard it as a rich language. This imbalance needs to be corrected. It cannot be done by agitation in the streets; only through constructive and persuasive writing. And there is no shame in admitting that that writing needs must be in English.

BY R. K. DAS GUPTA

An important feature of the anti-English agitation is brushing English sign-boards with tar; as an expression of one's disapproval of the use of a foreign language the exercise is certainly effective. But it is doubtful if it is equally effective in bringing Hindi closer to the hearts of those who are still fond of English.

The choice between the two languages is an intellectual choice and is made by the educated classes. In our country the masses have as yet no use for a written language. The intelligentsia may not find in this use of tar a reason for discarding English far less for loving Hindi.

How difficult it is to persuade our young graduates to hate English I could see during the anti-English demonstrations in Delhi University in December. A large number of agitators most of them women students, entered the post-graduate English class while the University's Professor of English was lecturing, turned desks and chairs upside down and asked the "children of the English dog" (as they called them) to leave the room. It was obviously a very spirited demonstration but, as one who witnessed it I was convinced that it made no impression on the students of English who soon after the class had been dispersed reassembled on the lawn and requested the professor to resume his lecture. What is important then is neither tar nor a word of abuse for the English language but a little bit of work on the intellectual plane. The greatest danger to Hindi is that its lovers have made it a cause or

even a religion and do not treat it as a language.

We have heard of the formation of a Hindi Sena and we have seen some evidence of its prowess. But it may not do more than change the Roman letters and Arabic numerals on the number plates of cars into Nagari which is a change of script and not of language. Moreover, the Hindi Sena being but a private army, must ultimately care more for argument than for ammunition which it cannot use without breaking the law.

It is, therefore, necessary that the exponents of Hindi should now endeavour to present the proper image of the language to those who do not speak it. It is particularly necessary when that image has been distorted a good deal by scholars whose works are still valued by our men of literary affairs. The image of a language is determined by its identity, age and its literature. It is not enough to tell the non-Hindi-speaking Indian that Hindi should be made the official language because it is an Indian language, for there are other Indian languages. Nor is it enough to tell him that Hindi should have this status because it has the largest number of speakers for it is not really the same language that all of them speak. A far stronger argument would be to show that it is a great language and is fit to replace not only a fine foreign language like English, but should be preferred to fine Indian languages like Tamil, Telugu, Urdu, etc.

This greatness is not admitted by linguists and literary historians who unfortunately still influence the educated Indian's opinion of languages. Very few have the learning to make personal judgments; many of us call Latin a great language just from what we have read about its riches. It is a pity that European scholars who have written on Indian languages and whose writings are still read with some respect give an extremely misleading view of Hindi as a language and a literature.

G. A. Grierson's remarks on Hindi in the chapter on language included in The Census of India Report of 1901 edited by H. H. Risley and E. A. Gait and reprinted in the Census of Indian Report of 1961 have misled those who have no direct knowledge of the language. He distinguishes Hindi from Awadhi Bundeli, Braj, etc., and Asian and Arabic words and the substitution of those of pure Indian origin." Nor is this all. Grierson says that Hindi has no poetry

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and, as if to match this remark, Keay says "Hindi is also under a disadvantage because its standards of prose have not yet been fixed. We have seen that not only is the prose literature a plant of very recent growth, but the dialect of High Hindi which it uses is also a modern production."

Irresponsible remarks such as these have already misled scholars who deal with Indian literature through secondary sources and English translations; one of the more important of them is Herbert H. Gowen who was a Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Washington. In *A History of Indian Literature* (1931) Gowen calls Tulsidas "the greatest poet of northern India" but does not mention the Hindi language. His fifteen page chapter on modern Indian writers is almost entirely an essay on Bengali literature, there identifies the language as "the prose literary language of those Hindus who do not employ Urdu." It is of modern origin he adds, "having been introduced under English influence at the commencement of the last century." He gives communal character to the language by calling it "the lingua franca of the Hindus," and casts aspersions on its literary quality by saying that some "adventurous spirits have tried to write poems in Hindi, but the attempts have been disastrous and have earned nothing but derision."

When towards the end of the section on Hindi in this chapter, Grierson affirms that "Hindi of course, has no poetic literature" he creates the greatest confusion about the language in respect of its identity, age and literature. For he then disconnects it with the language of Tulsi and Sur, calls it a very young language and denies it any poetry.

No less unjust to Hindi has been the distinguished literary historian, R. W. Frazer, who in his *Literary History of India* (1898) mentions Tulsi and Sur but does not mention the Hindi language. His more serious critical sin is that in his sixty-page chapter on modern Indian literature he gives over thirty pages to Bengali but does not give even a sentence to Hindi literature. It is indeed a great pity that such a grave omission should have occurred in a book published in a series that also includes Marcel Schwob's *Literary History of France* and Douglas Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*.

Twenty-two years after Frazer's book, was published F. E. Keay's *A History of Hindi Literature* which surpasses Frazer's work in critical atrocities against the language. Not only does Keay repeat Grierson's confusing remarks about the identity of the language but calls it a

development from Urdu by the exclusion of Per—being not even a bare mention of either Bharatendu Harishchandra or Jayashankara Prasad.

The noble forgiveness displayed by Hindi scholars towards such offences has only made the offence more of a fashion amongst European scholars. The Indian entries in Cassell's *Encyclopaedia of Literature* (1953) are by the distinguished scholar H. G. Rawlinson and it appears that his estimate of Hindi literature is based on the words of Grierson, Frazer, Keay and Gowen. In his short article on modern Indian literature in this *Encyclopaedia* he mentions Rammo-hun Roy, Michael Madhusudan Dutt, Bankimchandra, Ghalib, Sharar and Iqbal, but leaves out Bharatendu Harishchandra, Jayashankara Prasad and Maitili Saran Gupta, etc.

What is even worse is that after briefly commenting on the few Urdu and Bengali writers Rawlinson remarks that "apart from this there is little of permanent importance in the literature of modern India". Rawlinson has also contributed biographical notes on Indian authors to this *Encyclopaedia*, and while he writes on Iqbal and Tagore he does not even briefly notice Prasad and Harishchandra.

It is a pity that our educated classes should value so much Western opinion of their own literature. It would, nevertheless, be unwise to leave that opinion unchallenged when it has produced such gross misconceptions about the quality of a great language. It seems that the time has come when lovers of Hindi should make less use of tar and brush, but should sit down instead with pen and paper to vindicate the prestige of the language for the whole of India. It is a task which at this stage will require the use of the English language: but the end will justify the means. Was not the New Testament written in a pagan language and did not the Christian Fathers master a heathen idiom to proclaim their new faith? □

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Crop Dusting Profitable Sideline

From Stockton, Calif., Record

TRACY, CALIF.—An exciting and inexpensive pastime for many people driving through the agricultural belt of San Joaquin Valley is to stop and watch a crop duster aircraft dart over and under utility wires.

Who are these pilots? Where did they get their training? What type of person does it take to do that type of work?

James G. Glotfelty, Tracy, a veteran duster pilot, is a flower arranger by profession, an unlikely occupation for a man who, several months out of the year, becomes involved in a pretty risky business.

Low flying and wire dodging appear mild, however, when compared to the circumstances under which Glotfelty got his training—dodging the Himalayas, and enemy fire at treetop height.

Approximately 25 years ago Jim was a member of a cargo group involved in airlifting supplies to allied troops fighting in British Burma.

Because the Burma Road was closed off in large sections by Japanese troops and the connecting Ledo Road was in the process of being built, supplies to allied troops, which included everything necessary to keep an army going plus road building equipment, had to be air-lifted.

The route the unarmed C-47's used was over the "Hump"—Himalayan peaks between India and China which rise to 24,000 feet. The planes lucky enough to make it over the "Hump" could then look forward to facing a different type of danger—getting shot at by Japanese troops scattered throughout the jungles of Burma.

Supply drops, of necessity, had to be made at low altitudes in an attempt to keep supplies out of enemy hands.

Among the most daring pilots, and actually reputed to have been among the few who consistently made dangerously low-flying drops, was Glotfelty.

Among those in the jungles kept alive by the air-dropped supplies was a young doctor serving with the medical battalion attached to Col. Gordon S. Seagrave, famed Burma Doctor. That young doctor was Arthur Sonnenberg, who for years has practiced in Tracy.

Fighting troops supplied included two groups of jungle fighters—one headed by Brig. Gen. Orde C. Wingate, consisting of British troops and Indian recruits known as "Wingate's Raiders," and an American group commanded by Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, which was to

become known as Merrill's Marauders."

In all, Glotfelty flew the Hump about 60 times, and only saw the ground about twice.

"If I had known what I was flying over, I don't think I would have stepped into a plane," he remarks.

A year after leaving the Army Air Corps in 1947, Glotfelty, who was born and reared in Patterson, moved to Tracy.

Now 47 and a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force Reserve, he and his wife, Mildred own and operate "Glotfelty's Flower Shop." They have two daughters—Caren, who attends University of the Pacific in Stockton, and Joanne, who is married and lives in San Jose.

Glotfelty has been a crop duster for 11 years.

"I took it up out of necessity—to get my daughters through college," he remarks when inquiries are made as to why he engages in this particular sideline.

He dusts crops in the Patterson area, where he is flying for Patterson Flying Service. He also flies for Trinkle and Boys Agricultural Flying of Tracy occasionally.

There is nothing glamorous or easy about the job. Glotfelty starts his day around 4 a.m., and generally flies until around 11 a.m.—and then back to the flower shop. There are no days off, except for inclement weather, once a project gets under way.

He started the latter part of July and will be flying until September. □

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Book REVIEWS



THE FALL OF JAPAN. By William Craig. Dell Publishing Co., New York. September 1968. Paperback, 95c.

A young historian's first book, covering the Japanese defeat in the Pacific from the turning point of Okinawa to the surrender.

JIM LEE'S CHINESE COOKBOOK. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. October 1968. \$8.95.

A practical guide to becoming an authentic Chinese cook, telling not only what to do but how to do it.

MISS ONE THOUSAND SPRING BLOSSOMS By John Ball. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. September 1968. \$5.95.

A rather meandering novel about an American in Japan who falls in love with a geisha, Miss One Thousand Spring Blossoms. Love and technology prevail, and the story has a happy ending.

THE LAST CONCUBINE. By Frances Shelley Wees. Abelard-Schuman, Ltd., New York, N.Y., November 1968. \$3.95.

A mystery and suspense story in which a group of members of the Canadian branch of the League for International Understanding are invited on a tour of Red China. It includes their experiences, romantic, political, conspiratorial, with some jewel smuggling thrown in.

HOLY CHINA. By Feliks Topolski. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. November 1968. \$12.95.

This book, in large format, presents a view of modern China through an artist's eyes. Topolski drew Chiang Kai-shek's China many years ago, and he spent several months there again in the early days of the "cultural revolution" as a visitor who paid his own way. He went to China this time on a package tour, and put down what he saw with an artist's insight. He himself describes it modestly as "a draftsman's book," whose claim to existence lies in the drawings themselves. "The short staccato text does not purport to postulate or to give complete information. It serves the more modest function of following and supporting the drawings."

INDIAN PAINTING. By Mohinder Singh Randhawa and John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. October 1968. \$35.00.

Mr. Galbraith once said he accepted the post of Ambassador so that he could seriously study Indian painting. In this book he and his fellow author present what they consider the representative best. The paintings are reproduced in full color with gold overlay.

THE MANDATE OF HEAVEN. By John F. Melby. University of Toronto Press. October 1968. \$10.00.

This is a record of China's civil war, 1945 to 1949, by a man who was with the United States Embassy in China during most of that time. The time span covered is the period beginning with the Marshall Mission to China and ending with the failure of the last attempts at coalition and the advance to power of the People's Army. The author is concerned about the how's and why's of the transition to Communist power in China and with America's role in Chinese affairs at that time. The author uses notes from his personal diary, together with a series of historical commentaries. He points out that the American plan in China did not work because the Chinese people did not want it.

THE CHINA CLOUD. By William L. Ryan and Sam Summerlin. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. October 1968. \$7.95.

The authors blame U.S. policy for the development of Chinese nuclear capabilities leading up to detonation of the Bomb on October 16, 1964. Some 80 Chinese scientists were trained on campuses from Pasadena to Boston, learning techniques related to nuclear energy which later they carried home to China. Particular emphasis in this book is paid to the careers of two brilliant scientists, Tsien Hsue-shen and Chao Chung-yao, whom the authors say were hounded out of the United States during the McCarthy era. Both Ryan and Summerlin have had long experience with the Associated Press.

CHINESE WRITTEN CHARACTERS, Their Wit and Wisdom. By Rose Quong. Cobble Hill Press, Inc., New York, N.Y. November 1968. \$5.95.

A simple explanation of the principal Chinese characters and their pictorial origins, also revealing information about the Chinese culture and philosophy. Interspersed throughout are quotations from Confucius, Lao-tze, Menicus and from "The Book of Changes." You may not learn to write or read Chinese from this book, but you will enjoy reading about the wit and wisdom the Chinese used in building up their written language. The volume, printed in two colors, is designed by Klaus Gammng.

Burma in Five-Year War on Leprosy

The Burmese government has launched a five-year leprosy eradication scheme to combat not only the disease but the prejudice and social stigma attached to it.

Burma has 200,000 known cases of leprosy in a population of 25 million. Only a small fraction of these are receiving modern scientific treatment at a half-dozen leprosaria run by Christian missionaries.

There are thousands of other hidden cases, unreported and untreated. Lepers in Burma are treated worse than criminals, denied family, social life, civic rights and medical facilities for treatment of other maladies.

Many Burmese, who are 85 per cent Buddhist, consider leprosy a divine curse. Consequently lepers try to hide their symptoms until the disease shows

up in advanced form, when treatment is likely to be prolonged.

To combat this before it becomes a national problem, the Ministry of Health has budgeted considerable funds for its five-year plan.

In the first two years emphasis will be on organizing and training leprosy survey teams, with survey centers to be opened in Rangoon and Mandalay. At the end of the second year, entire villages in infected areas will be examined and statistics compiled.

In the third year about a million suspected lepers will be examined in central Burma. In the fourth and fifth years, the work will be reassessed, more survey centers will be opened across the country and, hopefully, all lepers will be receiving treatment.



ALWAYS A FAVORITE with GIs in World War II, and now with tourists who visit Calcutta, is the famous Jain Temple. This is how it looked in 1944. Photo by Julius L. Rosenfeld.

NEW DELHI—A baroque-style balustrade has been erected in front of the Red Fort to divide the two roadways. The props holding together the baroque lattice work of sorts are ultra-modern, severe block of bricks, except for every fifth, which is finished in rough and rugged cement to imitate unhewn stone. Apparently the man who designed this odd piece of railing probably never realized that he was erecting it in front of a masterpiece of architecture, and that he might have made some effort to harmonize the design with the style of the Red Fort. There are enough examples of railing of various kinds within the Fort which would have clashed less violently with the venerable old Mughal design or with the almost contemporary and equally splendid architectural style of the Jama Masjid on the west side.

CALCUTTA—Pierced ears for men is the latest fad. It has not caught on as has the long hair or the side burns but the trend is there. And it is not just the one-lobe ring affair favored by gypsies and bandits, but the full treatment on both lobes. Teenage boys are the main customers of the "pinlaries" and most of them wear small gold rings in their lobes. One boy dancing at an underground discotheque was seen wearing little pearl drobs. One teenager said it gave a dashing devil-may-care look.

JAIPUR—The Rajasthan Cabinet decided to introduce complete prohibition in the State by 1973-74, six years earlier than the original deadline of 1980. The Cabinet discussed the financial liabilities involved and decided to introduce phased prohibition so that the State could go completely dry by the end of 1974. Mr. Sukhadia, Chief Minister, expressed the hope that the Prohibition Council would now call off its agitation. Deputy Prime Minister M. Morarji Desai has agreed to pay 50 percent subsidy to meet the loss in excise revenue.

NEW DELHI—A regional meteorological centre and a telecommunications centre are to be set up in New Delhi as a part of the World Weather Watch sponsored by the World Meteorological Organization. The WWW will have three world meteorological centres at Washington, Moscow and Melbourne concentrating on global analysis of data collected from regional centres of which New Delhi will be one in the main trunk circuit.

DECEMBER, 1968

NEW DELHI—The Indian Mountaineering Foundation will organize an Indo-British expedition to some peaks in Himachal Pradesh next year. The expedition will include about six young men from the U. K. and the same number from India.

SHILLONG—By the first of June at least 15 people died of starvation in two Fulbari mouzas in the Garo Hills. In addition 50,000 people in an area of 800 square miles were facing acute hardships. Drought during two successive farming seasons had brought about the famine. Crops on hundreds of acres were destroyed by the drought and wild animals and buffaloes had also died.

NEW DELHI—India received a record number of foreign tourists during 1967. Those in the age groups below 50 were on the increase. USA contributed 43,040, about 25.6 percent of the tourist traffic. U. K. was the second largest numbering 27,309 and Ceylon with 20,116 was third. Germany, France, Malaysia and Australia sent more than 6,000 while Japan and Kenya sent more than 4,000 each.

VIJAYAWADA—Seventy-one people were killed in a gruesome fire in Gopuvarigudem, a tiny village 20 miles from Vijayawada. About 30 more received burn injuries. The fire started from a petro-max lamp when an over-enthusiastic amateur photographer wanting to take pictures of wedding scenes asked someone to raise the lamp for better lighting. The flame from the lamp leaped upward due to the wind and the pandal, the roof of which was made of palmyra leaves and bamboos, caught fire. The male guests who were seated on some chairs managed to run out, but the women and children squatting on carpets were virtually trapped.

PATNA—The building of the proposed Ganga bridge near Patna is almost certain, according to Mr. Krishna Kant Singh, the State's Finance Minister. Mr. Singh said that the State Government was negotiating with the World Bank for the necessary funds for the project. There was also a proposal to get the bridge constructed by a private firm.

CALCUTTA—There used to be signs saying "No Bathing", "No Washing", "No Fishing" at the tanks along the Maidan. Those signs have gone and boys and men splash happily in the tank opposite Lindsay Street. Men and women wash their clothes on the bank. And sometimes silent anglers sit optimistically waiting for fish to bite. What matter if the water is muddy and the sides are not clean? This is what a tank has always been meant for in Bengal.

Indian Wives Win a Battle of the Sexes

BY RUKMINI DEVI
San Francisco Chronicle

There is an old Hindi proverb: "If there is a serious problem, leave it to the women. Their medicine is often effective."

Maharaj Ganj, a hamlet of 800 people in Bihar State, has just shown what women can do. Their problem: men who get drunk every night, beat their wives and starve their families.

This Bihar village has always been notorious for its drunken brawls and violence. Last May, seven men and one woman died in a fight between drunks. The woman was a housewife who intervened.

The men make their own liquor—a heady brew concocted of sugarcane, papaya and over-ripe pumpkins. The village also has a government-licensed liquor shop which sells arrack, a fiery liquid.

A fortnight ago, Maharaj Ganj's housewives and daughters decided to hit back. They had been patient for 300 years—that is, ever since the village came into being.

They met one evening while the men were busy drinking in a mango grove outside the village and gave notice that "no food will be served to those who smell of liquor." They also told the men: "We will not wash your clothes, prepare your bath water or supply fire to tobacco for your hookahs."

When the men heard about it, they laughed heartily. "They must be bored with their humdrum lives," commented one husband, opening a new bottle. "Let our poor wives have some fun."

But it was no fun. When the men stumbled back to their homes, they were greeted with silence. There was no food and the women had locked themselves in their own rooms.

One hungry husband set fire to his house. Another beat up his wife and children. The whole village passed through a tense night. But all this had been anticipated by the reforming females.

The punishment went on for 72 hours. Then the men gave in. They promised not to touch liquor except on Sundays and festival days.

The surrender was celebrated with a lavish community feast. There was everything from almond kheer (pudding) to peacock curry but only fresh sugarcane juice to drink.

The Maharaj Ganj experiment seems to be working well. Most men have either stopped drinking or drink only surreptitiously. The women meet every afternoon

to review the situation.

Bimla Kumari, the 19-year-old daughter of a local farmer, says, "The men have learned their lesson. If they return to their bottles in the old manner, we know what to do."

One suggestion being discussed by the dames of Maharaj Ganj is that if the starvation cure turns out to be a failure in the long run, all the wives should pack up and go to their mothers' homes where they will remain till their erring spouses come to call them back with written apologies. □

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DHOBI WALLAS at work at Camp Kanchrapara, near Calcutta, India. These men were able to handle a surprising amount of laundry, doing a fairly good job, and taking a high percentage of the buttons off shirts while they were at it. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

Basha to Install

• The CBIVA Basha from Dallas, Texas, is having its 1969 installation of officers on January 11, 1969, at the Holiday Inn Central, 4070 North Central Expressway, Dallas. We have been informed that National Commander Louis Gwin will be present, and cordially invite all CBIVA members and their wives to join us. If you plan to attend, please notify me not later than January 4, and let me know if I can assist you with your hotel accommodations. My address is 9108 Plano Road, Dallas, Texas 75238, and my telephone number is Area 214, 341-0960.

B. F. GODFREY,
Dallas, Texas

1304 Engineer Bn.

• Certainly enjoy each copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and anxiously look for the names of former members of the 1304th Engineer Battalion. Thanks for keeping us abreast of happenings in India, Burma and China at this time.

BILL BRUCE,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Edward R. Ellsworth

• Edward R. Ellsworth, 48, of Canfield, Ohio, died November 5 in the Veterans Hospital at Cleveland. Before his illness he worked for eight years for the William B. Pollock Co. as a machinist. He attended the Pittsburgh Institute of Aeronautics, enlisted in the Air Force in June 1941, and served 52 months in China-Burma-India war theater. He is survived by his wife, his mother and a brother.

(From a Youngstown Vindicator clipping submitted by Ethel Yavorsky, Poland, Ohio).

20th General Hospital

• Honor guests at San Antonio's HemisFair '68 were the directors of the women's military components of the United States, appearing during "Women in the Armed Services Day." Included in the group was Col. Anna Mae McCabe Hays, Army Nurse Corps, who served at the 20th General Hospital in Assam, India.

(From an Air Force Times clipping sent in by Major Elsie M. Sours (Ret.), Phoenix, Ariz.)



A FRIEND poses with "Lightnin' Curry" at 748th Railway Operating Battalion post office and beer drinking emporium (when you could get it!) in India. Photo by C. O. Powell.

Commander's Message

by

Louis Gwin

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Dear C.B.I. Friends:

The executive board meeting held at the War Memorial Building in Milwaukee on November 9th, 1968 was a memorable one. The morning session was called to order and was well attended. Russ Koppelin gave such a dynamic report the War Memorial Building rocked on its foundation. Later, we found out it was a major earthquake covering twenty-two states in the Midwest.

A schedule of events for the Reunion at Vail, Colorado, was presented by Bob Doucette. Einar Ingman, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, was our luncheon guest at the Elks Club. Milwaukee was one of six cities selected by the Defense Department to help celebrate Veterans Day. We were invited to take part in the celebration. The Wisconsin Basha joined us, and with their help the C.B.I. was well represented in the parade down Wisconsin Avenue in the afternoon. A dinner at the Cudworth Post in the eve-

ning topped off an eventful day.

The South Pacific Restaurant in downtown Chicago was the scene for installation of the Chicago Basha officers. The weather had its effect on the attendance. In spite of this we had a very impressive and gratifying meeting. Plans are being made at the present to hold another meeting with Chicago before spring.

I intend to be in Dallas, Texas, January 11th, 1969, for installation of their officers. If you are a C.B.I.'er living in this area and wish to join us, contact: Col. Earl O. Collum, 3624 Princess Lane, Dallas, Texas, Zip Code 75229. Remember, we need you!

This is the season that brings to our memory all the wonderful friends we have made thru C.B.I. May I take this opportunity to extend to you warm wishes for the happiest of Holiday Seasons.

LOUIS W. GWIN
National Commander

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RARE VIEW of the Taj Mahal, taken on a flight over Agra en route to Delhi in the summer of 1945. Anyone who has seen the Taj will recognize the gardens surrounding it, and the river in background. Photo by Julius W. Lang.



HOUSING for native railway employees on the Bengal & Assam Railway, at Tinsukia Junction. Photo by C. O. Powell.

Year of the Rooster

• Observance of the "Year of the Rooster," 4667, starts in San Francisco's Chinatown on February 17, 1969, and concludes on March 1, 1969, with the spectacular Chinese New Years Parade. A new 120-foot long Gum Lung is now under construction in Hong Kong. It contains several hundred yards of silk over a bamboo frame. This "Year of the Rooster" is a lucky one that will bring "peace and prosperity to all."

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

A Rerun of Show

• Nothing gives me more pleasure than each issue of

Ex-CBI Roundup. It is said "life is one show that cannot be rerun for a second showing" but with each issue of the Roundup I come as close as possible to re-living those days of unforgettable memories. Thanks again for making it possible.

BOB WARD,
Schwenksville, Pa.

Purchases Slides

• After getting some 1954 back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup last spring, and seeing a listing of slides offered for sale, I contacted Lawrence Villers and in spite of a 14-year delay was able to purchase over 200 CBI slides from him. He told me they were the last he had. I feel that I was very lucky to get them.

W. S. JONES,
Conklin, N.Y.



DISTILLERY employee near Digboi, India, stirs pool of molasses with his feet. This was one process in the making of rum. Photo by Dorothea Malchow Dent.

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It would be a terrific boost for Ex-CBI Roundup if every subscriber would get a new subscriber during the next few months!